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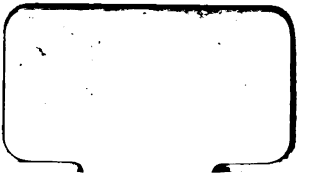
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LENTEN THOUGHTS & OTHER POEMS

46.
904.



LENTEN

THOUGHTS

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY JAMES FURNEAUX.

Whatever profits may arise from the sale of this work will be devoted to the purposes mentioned in the Preface.

LONDON: F. & J. RIVINGTON.
DEVONPORT: H. V. HARRIS.
PLYMOUTH: E. NETTLETON. STONEHOUSE: E. W. COLE.

1846.

904.



DEVONPORT:
H. V. HARRIS, Printer,
St. Aubyn-street.

Entered pursuant to 5 and 6 Vic. c. 45.

PREFACE.

THE desire of advancing, in some measure at least, an object in which I have been long and deeply interested, viz:—the increase of Church room in my own Parish of Stoke Damerel, Devonport, is the cause of the publication of this little volume of Poems. Whatever profits may be derived from the sale will be devoted to this purpose, but as the sum arising from such a source must of necessity be very small, I subjoin a brief statement of our spiritual destitution in the hope that those who have both the will and the means may be thereby induced to assist in the undertaking to some further extent than by the mere purchase of this book, or the extension of its sale.

An appeal to the public through the ordinary channels of a circular or advertisement is but at the best uncertain and ephemeral. The former may meet no eye but that of the individual to whom it is addressed, even when he may be in the company of those who would feel an interest where he has none; and an advertisement in the columns of a journal too often makes but a temporary impression. But wherever this little work may find its way, and (moderately speaking) at whatever distance of time, it will contain an appeal which for many years to come will be in full force. To provide *adequate* Church accommodation for *the Poor* of a population of 35,000 souls for whom there are not at this present moment 1000 *free sittings* (and a year ago not 300) must be a work of time, and especially when from a combination of circumstances the Parish is, for the extent of its population, the very poorest perhaps in England. Should therefore this statement meet the view of any desirous of extending the benefits of the Church amongst their poorer brethren at home, they may rest assured that their contributions will not be too late if re-

mitted *five or even ten years after* the publication of this book; because, even if we should be permitted to fully repair existing deficiencies—and this is more than I dare hope—yet, as the Parish is rapidly increasing, additional efforts will then be requisite.

According to the census of 1841 the population of Stoke Damerel amounted to 33,822, and may be now fairly estimated at 35,000. Of this number 20,000 are included within the trenches of the town of Devonport, and for their accommodation there are but *two proprietary Chapels* (exclusive of the Dock Yard Chapel erected for the use of that establishment) *in neither of which are there any free seats* out of the aisles, unless when those appropriated to the Sunday Schools happen to be vacant. In this part of the Parish it is proposed to build Four Churches under Sir R. PEEL'S Act.

Computing the population of the outlying parts at 1,000, there remain no less than 14,000 persons residing in three districts immediately out-

side the north and north-east fortifications. At Morice-Town, or Newpassage, there are about 6,500 with *no Church* or licensed place of worship. Here one District Church is contemplated for 4,500, which will be wholly unequal to the accommodation of the *existing* inhabitants even; but how much more so will it be by the next census, when owing to the new Steam Arsenal now in the course of erection by the Government, the numbers there will most probably amount to 10,000. Lower Stoke with 3,000 souls has at its furthest extremity the disfigured and dilapidated Parish Church, which contains about 750 sittings, of which 400 are let for the purpose of procuring those funds which have been refused to be raised by a church rate, 75 are appropriated to Sunday Schools, and the remaining 175 are free. Higher Stoke has 4,500 souls, with the newly-erected Chapel of St. Michæl, consecrated in August 1845, containing 1,200 sittings one-half of them free,—the debt upon which the Committee have not yet had it in their power to liquidate.

As words will but lengthen without strength-

ening this statement I will not longer obtrude upon the patience of the reader or endeavour to excite his feelings when I wish but to appeal to his sense of duty. Should any be induced to contribute any sum, however small, I will thankfully take charge of it if sent by letter; or, should it be preferred, if paid into the hands of Cocks, Biddulph, and Co., Bankers, Charing Cross, London, "to the credit of JAMES FURNEAUX, Esq. for the Devonport Churches."

As it may be expected that I should say something concerning the following Poems, I will add a few words on that head. Whilst one or two were written as much as ten, and several about five or six years ago, the far larger part have been composed within the last three years. This will account for any difference in the conception, execution, or tone of the different pieces. I trust however that the object for which this little work is published will be deemed some excuse for its imperfections, and so disarm criticism of asperity.

J. F.

Swilly, Devonport, Jan. 1846.

"Oh, reader! had you in your mind
Such stores as gentle thought will bring,
Then, gentle reader, you would find
A tale in every thing."—Wordsworth.



TO W. D. F.

God's blessing on thy pale, calm, holy brow,
My own dear Brother, who with many a wile,
Hast stol'n my birth-right—not with Israel's guile—
But by thy blameless life, and priestly vow,
Kindly severe reproof, and winning smile;
And lo the elder serves the younger now!
Thanks to thy patient zeal and fervent love,
Partaking of the serpent and the dove.
St. Andrew, when he found th' Anointed One,
Straight called his brother—and his brother came;
Guileless Nathanael honoured God the Son—
But I long held me back in sloth and shame.
Dear Brother, at the Judgment may'st thou stand
With my saved soul, an offering, in thine hand.

2nd Sunday in Lent, 1844.

2

CHRISTIAN CONTRADICTIONS.

THE brightest colours of a Christian's life
Spring, like the rainbow's beauty, all from tears;
His very peace is only gained by strife,
And all his hopes originate in fears.
The merry with bent earth-ward look appears,
The sorrowful hath upward gazing eyes;
And when they are most filled with blinding tears,
Most plainly Heaven before their vision lies;
And when the mourning heart is sad and lone,
The Holy Comforter is most its own.
Then, Lord, Thy Cross upon our shoulders bind,
Grant us to bear it, too, as Thou hast borne,
And passing through life's chastening Lent to find
Death but the dawning of an Easter morn.

Ash-Wednesday, Feb. 21st, 1844.



CHRISTIAN TRANSFORMATIONS.

THE patriarch Abraham sins
For want of faith, yet he,
As Father of the faithful, wins
A glorious destiny.

He leaves fair Sion's towers,
The persecutor Saul, [lowers,
Who stands, when round the tempest
Evangelizing Paul.

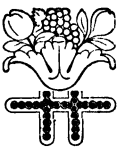
The Son of Thunder proves
The Son of Love at last,
And Barnabas consoling moves
His sharp contention past.

4

The coward boaster, he
 Who thrice his Lord denies,
In boldness and humility
 On cross inverted dies.

Oh wond'rous power is Thine
 To change the human heart,
And make that fitted for Thy shrine,
 Which played the worldling's part.

Temper my zeal with love,
 Let both my heart embalm;
So shall I onward learn to move,
 Unflinching and yet calm.





ON THE PORTRAIT OF A CHILD.

Little child, with thoughtful eye,
Gazing on the clear blue sky,
Is thy look enraptured sent
To the star-filled firmament,
In the vain attempt to spy
Into that great mystery?
Do those sparkling gems of night
Fill thy mind with calm delight,
And do silent thoughts arise
From the vision of thine eyes—
Thoughts like to the moon-beam's sheen,
Brooding o'er some peaceful scene,
Thoughts that like the rolling thunder
Fill the mind with awe and wonder,
Thoughts that die in the imparting
Inconceivably upstarting,

Thoughts within themselves concealed,
Thoughts that may not be revealed?

Little child, with earnest eye
Fixed in thoughtful vacancy,
With parted lips and upturned face,
A model of true infant grace,
What seest thou in the silent air—
Is thy "angel" hovering there?
Is the spirit sent to keep
Thy innocence through watch and sleep,
Leading on thy upward sight
To his relinquished home of light,
Striving, in his guardian love,
To train thy thoughts to things above,
In the hope thy soul to win
From this weary world of sin?—
If thy thoughts are not too full,
If worldly sounds are not too dull,
Little child I'll read to thee
A lesson in Astronomy.

Mark the gentle moon careering
Where yon fleecy mists are veering,

Whether sailing o'er a cloud,
Or beneath its sable shroud.
Still she moves with equal grace,
With undisturbed majestic pace.
Little child, in coming years,
Joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,
Each will hold thee in their thrall—
Gently, calmly, bear them all.

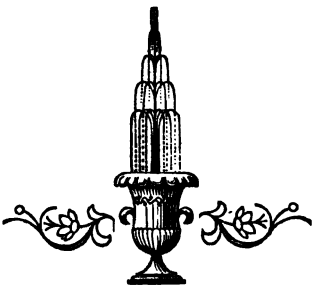
Little child, each world above
Is like that on which we move,
(For the world in which we are
Is but in itself a star)
And each star within our ken
Is filled, may be, with mortal men,
To each of whom is giv'n a soul
Subjected to its controul,
And each soul a guardian spirit
Sent to minister to it—
And yet each orb, man, soul, and spright
Is ever in th' Almighty's sight.

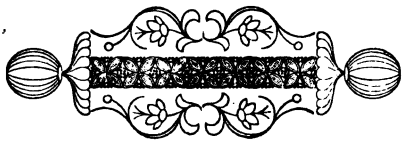
Little child of early days,
Thine's the time for prayer and praise.

8

When thou gazest on the sky,
Lift thy little heart on high,
For thy angel waits in air,
To waft on high thy simple prayer,
And offer it with millions, where
There is no more of sin or care.

Lent, 1844.





The air is clear, the sky is bright,
The blackbird trills his lay,
The sunshine sheds a gentle light,
A sweet foretaste of May,
And the river leaps along,
Chanting Spring's thanksgiving song.

Here too the silver snowdrop gleams,
And the golden crocus glows, [beams,
And the primrose pale, with her starlike
'Neath the sheltering moss-bank blows;
Then here a page I will read with thee,
In a Churchman's book of Botany.

Thou first-born of the wintry year,*
Sent man's drooping heart to cheer,
To whisper forth thy artless tale—
How little fierce assaults prevail
'Gainst him who dwells enshrined, like thee,
In a bright robe of purity!
But we cast thee on the stream,
Snowdrop of the silver gleam,
What have we to do with thee,
Or Baptismal purity?

And thou arrayed in lustrous glory—
Thou dost tell a deeper story,
Bright harbinger of better things
'Bove our weak imaginings.
What the mind can ne'er conceive,
What the heart can scarce believe,
What the eye now cannot see,
We may learn, in faith, of thee!

* "Thou first-born of the year's delight."—
Christian Year.

But we cast thee on the flow,
Crocus of the golden glow,
What have we to do with thee,
Or perfected purity?

Thou art not clad in virgin white,
Nor in rich robes of golden light,
Pale primrose, giving to our view
A something of a middle hue;
For thou dost shine midway between
The snowdrop's gleam and crocus sheen.

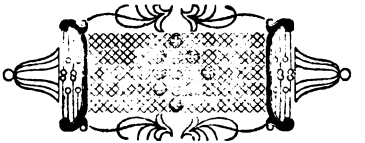
And thus with him who strives to win
The path from which he strayed to sin;
Who, fallen from Baptismal grace,
Tries to regain his forfeit place;
And having steeped his after years
In the Baptismal Font of tears,
Hopes his wasted powers to strengthen
Ere life's evening shadows lengthen,
And at last his robes to brighten
Where the rays of Heaven lighten,

Which may lend him of their glow
While he sojourneth below.

We'll not cast thee on the stream,
Primrose of the starlike beam.
We'll not cast thee,—no, not we,—
We're too much akin to thee.

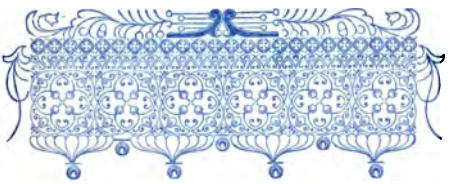
Lent, 1844.





ONE gorgeous eve, when nearly all was still
To which night offers rest, I wandered forth
By the bold banks of th' impetuous Dart.
And there, beneath a spreading oak (whose limbs,
Checkering the slanted rays of daylight's orb,
Were plainly mirrored on the eddying calm
Of rock impeded waters,) I espied
A fisherman, who with deceptive fly
His cunning craft pursued. The unseen breeze,
Which like a wild-bird's shivering pinion kissed
The placid surface, bore the feathered hook
Into the middle stream. The angler watched
With eager eye and patient hand its course,
And as it reached the mimic whirlpool, forth
From its safe hiding place with vigorous leap
Sprung th' unwary fish—and met its doom.

I watched its parting life, and saw its sides,
Rich with bright crimson spots, convulsive heave,
As with fast failing ineffectual strength
It tried to reach its former element.
And thus, thought I, upon the stream of life,
Man, discontented with what God has given,
Grasps at the gilded bait which Satan holds;
And in his direst need's extremest hour
Strives to regain his long lost innocence.



A LITTLE child, whose mire bedabbled dress
Still somewhat sheweth of past cleanliness,
Seated beside a calm pellucid stream,
Whose gentle tide it seeketh to repress
And turn aside with heaped up filth, I seem.
Ah me! this is no visionary dream:
Long years I spent in stemming back with sin
The onward flow of Christ's Redeeming Grace,
Which o'er my soul still strove to enter in,
And rising, with the rising dam kept pace
Until it almost flowed back to its source.
Then with a gradual lapse the bank gave way,
And the stream found again its ancient course.
O Lord! forgive me in the Judgment day.

1st Sunday in Lent, 1844.



HOME.

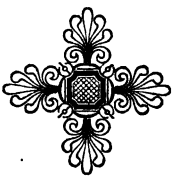
HOME! what a host of thronging thought
And feeling rushes o'er my brain;
How swells my heart with pleasure fraught,
How sinks it overwhelmed with pain.

I see suspended on thy walls,
Portraits of former owners gone:
And my fond memory recals
Faces that beamed on life's bright morn.

I've heard the sounds of joyous mirth
Re-echo from thy vaulted dome;
I've heard low wails around thy hearth
For those whose grave is now their home.

God's blessing on thee, then, my Home,
Thou centre of my fond desires,
Home of successors yet to come,
Home of my long departed sires.

Home of my heart, my hopes, my friends,
Home of my never changing love,
Home of my life, where'er it ends,
Home of my death—oh may'st thou prove!



WRITTEN ON LEAVING HOME.

SWEET scenes of childhood, fare ye well,
Wherever I may roam;
Each wood-crowned knoll and shady dell
Shall call to mind my Home!

And memory's flattering glass reflect
Each well-remembered view,
Enhance each charm, gloss each defect,
And I believe it true.

ON A SKYLARK AND THRUSH SINGING AS IF IN RIVALRY.

At the first blush of dawn,
 Above his odorous bed, 'mid jewelled flowers
Drinking the dewy sunlight of the lawn,
 The wakeful Skylark towers:
Poised in the radiance of yon golden cloud,
 The unseen songster pours
His orisons aloud.

From that low spiry broom
 Hark to the rival efforts of the Thrush
Hid 'mid the gleamings of its golden bloom:
 The undulating gush
Of his rich flute-like music soars on high
 To meet the eager rush
Of downward melody.

Lulled by their pleasing notes
I wander onward rich in musings: clear
And full and sweet their joyous anthem floats
To my delighted ear. [thought
'Tis hushed—the charm is broken—and each
Dies on the passing air
With the last cadence fraught.

And thus to us is given
To send from mortal lips our earth-born song
Up through the far blue distances of heaven
To float the stars among, [spring
And mingle with those rapturous strains that
From the angelic quire
Upborne on radiant wing.





TO A SKYLARK.

Ah! art thou there high poised on radiant wing,
Pouring thy voice's fullness all abroad
Throughout the "upper deep," so lavishing
And yet so easeful, to the throne of God.

Whilst thou wert here on earth thy silent throat
No music gave, for earthly cares had bound thee,
But now on towering wing and rising note, [thee,
With morning's dewy freshness breathing round

'Bove the white lightning of the torrent's brow,
'Bove plain and mountain, vale and verdurous forest,
'Bove the loud thunder of the ocean's flow,
Far above earth and earthy things thou soarest.

A small dark spot set in the burnished gold
Of the sun's herald cloud thou seem'st to be,
Should my strained eyes one moment lose their hold
Thy voice alone can guide them back to thee.

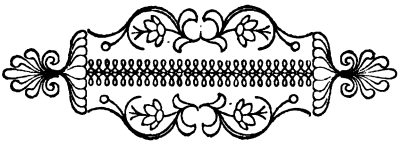
Smaller and smaller growest thou, thy flight
I can no longer follow, still I hear
Thy voice, the promise of returning sight,
Falling distinctly on my list'ning ear.

* * * * * * *
* * * * * *

What dost thou here again, what joys for thee,
Like those thou leavest, can on earth be given?
Alas, poor bird! much thou resemblest me—
My wings too weary when I'd soar to heaven.

Thou, who as on this day did'st quit the gaze
Of thine Apostles, teach us evermore
To listen for Thy voice in all our ways,
That whilst on earth above it we may soar.

Ascension Day, May 1, 1845.



'Tis sweet to see the Lark at matin prime,
Mounting aloft in joyous revellings,
And showering music from his thrilling wings
Soon as the sun-rays o'er the hill-top climb.
And yet perchance will many a thoughtful mind,
In faith not sight, from the meek nightingale,
Courting concealment as she tells her tale,
Far more of sweetness and instruction find.
But oftentimes to me with grief opprest
And half-subdued repinings in my breast,
'Tis sweeter still to hear the undersong
Of Nature chanting her mysterious hymn
In ceaseless adoration, whilst the dim
And noiseless twilight steals the vale along.

Lent, 1844.

A HYMN.

O LORD, who hast vouchsafed to say
Thou wilt be present when we pray,
Our faith is weak, some token give,
Some sign that we may see yet live.

We think thee with us, let us know
The presence of our God below,
But come, Thy form in mercy veiled,
Lest we with terror be assailed.

Come not enveloped in the shock
Of whirlwinds, rending rock from rock,
Ride not upon the earthquake's ire,
Appear not heralded by fire.

Embodied in the "still small voice"
Bring comfort, bid our hearts rejoice,
And gently steal upon the soul,
Subjecting it to Thy controul.

Yes, all invisible descend,
Thy silent wings o'er us extend,
Give us those joys that never cease,
The balmy dew of inward peace.

ON A SUMMER'S EVE IN MOUNT-EDGECUMBE PARK.

Eve, on purple wings descending,
Day's dying light
With coming night
In gradual shades is blending.
The sun still lingers in the west,
As loth to quit a scene so blest,
While sailing up the cloudless sky,
The eager moon is floating high.

Like to a wearied giant's rest
Without motion
Hoary ocean
Slumbers; and his placid breast,

Which scarce, by day, reflected gave
The object nearest to the wave,
Each distant star now mirrors clear,
That twinkles in the hemisphere.

Hark to the wandering melody!
How sweet each note
From yonder boat
Swells o'er the list'ning sea.
Like fabled mermaids' strains of yore,
They wind along the rocky shore,
Now rising o'er the wooded brow,
Now nestling in the vale below.

The Nautilus, frail mariner,
Which danger flies
If storms arise,
When all is calm will re-appear.
So, when the tumults of the day
Hold o'er the mind despotic sway,
Will dove-eyed contemplation shun
The heart with worldly cares o'errun,
But sweet reposes on the breast, [brings rest.
When night brings thought, and thought



LOUDLY ring the village bells,
What says their pealing tone?
Alas! alas! it plainly tells
Another week has flown.

It says another week has sped,
Another is beginning,
By one week have we neared the dead—
Have we increased in sinning?

Be wise then, Christians, time doth flee,
Oh! take the warning given,
Let each revolving Sunday see
Us one week nearer heaven.

Lent, 1844.

A VISION.

I saw two rivers:—One was dark and deep,
And in impetuous course it raged against
Th' opposing banks, and sought a headlong path
O'er every obstacle. The other calm and clear,
Meandering with its soft winding waters
Through verdant meads, oft wove itself delays*
'Mid flowery fields and pastures; till, as it were,
Half shrinking, half confiding, it entrusted
Its gentle waters to the ruder stream.
Onward they rolled as one, until they reached
The ocean's boundless waste—I saw no more.
Would, Lady, that thy fate were joined to mine,

* "Et moras dulci strepitu lapillo
Nectit in omni."—Gray.

E'en as those rivers, that our course might flow
Together onward to eternity.
But no, it may not, must not, cannot be,
Thy pure unruffled stream of life will flow
More calmly if it be unmixed with mine.
Then wander onward on thy gentle way,
I scarce dare wish to mar thy fate by mine.



ON PRESENTING A LADY WITH THE FIRST LILIES OF THE YEAR.

LADY, the flowers I give to thee
Are emblems of thy purity.
Like thee, they shun the gaudy throng,
Like thee, they dwell the shades among,
Like thee, are fit with equal bloom
To deck the shades or festive room.
To both devoid of guileful arts
Nature her simple charms imparts.
I, from my garden's sheltered nook,
These drooping lilies rudely took, [cherish,
Which you, while sweet and fresh, will
When faded, cast aside to perish.
But oh, may no such fate invade
The calm sequestered happy shade

In which like these you love to dwell,
Casting a sweet domestic spell.
May he who'll call thee all his own,
Love thee when outward charms are flown,
And prize thee for thy worth alone.
Surely he will if thou art kind,
And gentle, cheerful, pure in mind
As now, when I present to thee
These modest lilies plucked by me.

And when that time shall wait on thee
 Which waits us from our birth,
That time which a wise Deity
 Has hid from all on earth,

That time when sickness from thy face
 Shall chase its present bloom,
And death shall banish every grace,
 And lead thee to the tomb.

Oh, may that hour, to us so dim,
 To thee a bright one be,
And may thy spirit prove to Him,
 Pure as it seems to me.

"THE HOPE THAT IS IN US."

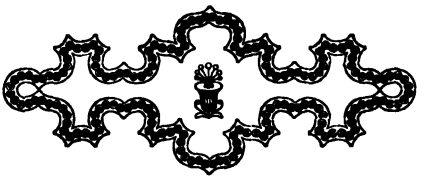
BRIGHT Hope, thou ivy of our hearts,
I love thy mantling green;
It to my wearied soul imparts
A never fading sheen.
E'en now I feel
Thy waving tresses,
Over me steal
In soft caresses,
Fanning within my listless frame,
Love's embers to a gentle flame.

To thee oft harrassed Faith retreats,
From boisterous blast and wintry cold,
When faint and weary she repeats
The watchwords of the saints of old.

And thus refreshed,
With steadfast eye,
Watches the storm
Go wailing by,
Then breasting forth on strengthened wings,
Mounts upward to the King of kings.

What though the ivy's growing grasp
Oft kills the oak that bears it?
Oh thus may Hope with gradual clasp
Enshrine the heart that wears it.
Yes, let me die
With ivy round me,
Embalmed in green
As Hope hath bound me,
So that I find when time has fled,
'Tis I that live and Hope that's dead.*

* Hope that is seen is not hope."—Rom. viii. 24.

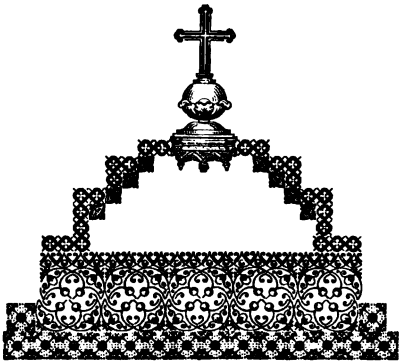


The grey-eyed mist comes floating down the dale
On noiseless wings,
Enshrouding in its calm refreshing veil
All wearied things.
The languid flower
That scarce had power
To rear its withered stem,
Now bathed in dew,
Erects anew
Its brilliant diadem.

When sick of sin, worn out with watchful grief,
The soul reclining
Droops listlessly, oft comes there sweet relief
Light softly shining,

Enfolding all
Within its thrall
That lately seemed so dreary.
The lamp of love
A light doth prove
To guide us when we weary.

Lent, March 1844.

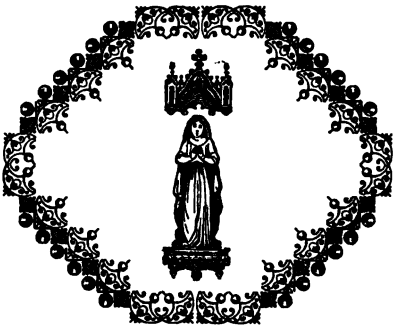


ON THE DEATH OF MY EARLIEST FRIEND AND SCHOOLFELLOW, F. R. E.

I MOURN the bright sunshine of summer departed,
I mourn the lost verdure of greenwood and dale,
I mourn as I mark the sere yellow leaf started,
From the withering bough by the boisterous gale,
I mourn as I think thou art gone, the warm hearted,
First friend of my boyhood in woe and in weal.

Yet spring will return and regain its sweets taken,
And revel anew in its beauty and bloom,
And I will delight in the fragancy shaken,
From the rose or the violet rich in perfume.
But thou sleep'st thy long sleep, and will never awaken
'Till the last trumpet summon thee forth from the tomb.

But why should I mourn, since each flower renewing
Its bright painted tints, each re-flourishing tree,
And each joyous bird its swift course pursuing,
As it wantons in air, are but emblems of thee?
Then sweet be thy slumber and calm till the ruin
Of this dreary world shall restore thee to me.



ON HEARING A CHILD WISH IT WERE A MAN.

Sweet child, so happy, fair, and gay,
Thine is no wearing sorrow,
Thou hast no care beyond to-day,
No joy beyond to-morrow.

Time hath not scattered o'er thy brow
The promise of the grave,
For all unblanched thy ringlets now
In youthful beauty wave.

Care broods not o'er thy joyous mind,
Grief dwells not in thy breast,
And keen-eyed conscience cannot find
A cause to break thy rest.

In thy pure heart is seen no guile,
In thy bright eye no tear;
But aye the spirit of a smile,
Reposes calmly there.

And as I watch each infant grace,
To me 'tis almost given
Thy spirit's pathway to retrace,
Up to its kindred heaven.

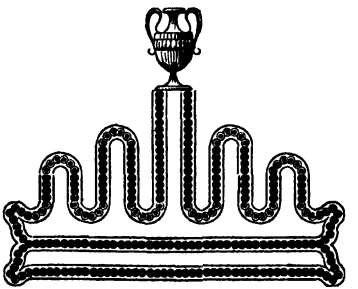
Yet short will be thy stay of joy
'Mid childhood's blissful band,
Thou may'st not always be a boy,
And years will hail thee—man.

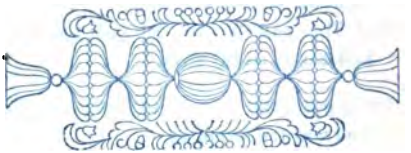
When sin thy purity of soul,
Shall dim, or fell disease
Thy wasted body shall controul,
And bid all pleasures cease;

When years and thought shall on thy brow
Of careworn manhood reign,
Sweet child, like me, 'tis then that thou
Would'st be a boy again.

Yet if thou strivest to be such,
In heart, as thou art now,
Both Time and Care may lay their touch
Less hardly on thy brow.

Christ guard thee then through life's dark wilds,
And may the future see
Thy form a man's, thy heart a child's,
As a Christian man's should be.





Oh woe to sin, and therefore woe to me!
God ever punishes though He forgive.
Oh, who would dare to sin could he forsee
Stern retribution (who would cease to live
But for man's crimes) avenging one by one
Each evil thought and word and action done.
Let him who thinks of sin mark David's fall,
His penitence and punishment, his flight,
The never failing sword, and (most of all)
His secret sin repaid in Israel's sight.
When all his visitations I recal
(The man of God's own heart) a fearful light
Across my shuddering memory seems to creep,
I think upon my secret sins—and weep.

Lent, Feb. 1845.

NUNQUAM MINUS SOLUS QUAM CUM SOLUS.

Who says I am alone? When thought
 Her mantle round me flings,
And I hold commune with my heart
 In silent wanderings,
When conscience like a trodden worm,
 Regardless of my groan,
Will turn and sting its injurer—
 Who says I am alone?

When hushed at midnight's awful hour
 All nature round me lies,
Or when earth groans in wild affright
 And tumults fill the skies,

'Tis then the feelings of my heart
A holier influence own,
I lowly bow my humbled head—
Who says I am alone?

When on those starry worlds I gaze
The sun erst hid from sight,
And hear (unheard throughout the day)
Like childhood's wild delight
The music of the joyous stream
That to the th' opposing stone
Prattles its child-like melody—
Who says I am alone?

When God, in terror clad and storm,
Rides on the whirlwind's ire,
His canopy the thunder cloud,
His footstool fluid fire,
When, strong in wrath, His volleying arm
From His insulted throne
Hurls desolation all around—
Who says I am alone?

ON THE CLOSE OF KENT'S ANTHEM FROM THE 29th PSALM.

"Peace, Peace, Peace, the Lord shall give His people the blessing of Peace."

PROCEED, sweet music, for my soul is wending
On viewless wings its way to other spheres,
Buoyed up on floating wreaths of sound ascending
It struggles through the mist of sin-spent years.

Prostrate before Jehovah's throne I lie,
No uttered prayer my silent lips dispart,
Yet something is outpouring gushingly
From the deep-welled recesses of my heart.

Proceed, sweet music, for the Spirit's gifts
Have come in dove-like forms and shapes of fire,
What if it should be that which now uplifts
My soul above the flights of low desire.

Oh wond'rous bliss! for all entranced I lie
Upon the blooming verge of Paradise,
And am foretasting with enraptured eye
Its half seen joys mixed up with mysteries.

Sweet music, cease, I cannot longer bear
The light that bursts on my bewildered soul,
That light embodied in the very air
Now wafting me beyond my own controul.

Not with a sudden, but declining strain,
With long drawn cadences of dying ease
All gently lower me to earth again,
Cease, cease, sweet music, gradually cease.





NETLEY ABBEY, BY MOONLIGHT.

THOUGH time may have wronged thee, yet still he atones
For the splendour of which he's bereft thee,
And where'er he has filched from thy crumbling stones
Some beauties his fingers have left thee.

And nature, who pities art's dying decay,
With ivy has mantled thy walls,
And her trees and her flowers in gentle wind play
As it wanders along thy old halls.

What though thou art roofless and to the storm's blast
Art exposed, unprotected, and bare?
More freely the beams of the moon may be cast
To brood o'er thy ruins so fair.

I have peopled, in fancy, thy halls as of yore;
I have rebuilt thy mouldering quire,
And have heard, sweetly floating along thy wild shore,
The hymns which religion inspire.

But sweeter and dearer to me is the peace
Which thy silent seclusion imparts,
For much it resembles the meek holiness
Which is shed over suffering hearts.



Lift not the veil too soon,
Lest I be startled at the vision given,
And turn in terror from the proffered boon,
And so lose heaven.

But gradually disclose,
Each one by one, my crosses to be borne,
So shall I learn to strive for Eden's rose
Fearing no thorn.

Had holy Peter's eye
Foreseen the shadowings of his coming years,
He would have shrunk, o'erwhelmed in agony
Of doubts and fears,

And dread of stripes and chains,
Of houseless wanderings, contempt and scorn,
And death's sharp lingering solitary pains
All to be borne.

But onward, hour by hour,
And year by year, the Cross still lured him on,
And whilst he doubted if he should have power—
The goal was won.



THE FOLLOWING WAS COMMENCED ON THE LAST DAY (SUNDAY) OF THE YEAR 1843, AND COMPLETED ON THE FIRST OF 1844.

A NEW week has commenced to-day,
And coming on in close array
See another day and year,
Notches on time's tally here.

Ah, old year, thou'st seen me languish
'Neath sickness sore and mental anguish,
For old year thou'st brought to me
Much of grief and misery;
Much of grief for worldly things,
Vainly loved imaginings,
Much of misery for sin
Sorrowed o'er, persisted in.

Yes, thou hast witnessed many a vow,
Firmly made, forgotten now,
Bold resolutions, really meant,
Departing from their first intent,
'Till by self-love could scarce be seen
A trace of what they once had been.
Lord, by Thy Mother's holy day,
Thy natal morn just passed away,
Thy morrow's feast of tears and blood,
Thy baptism in Jordan's flood,
Thy lonely lent, temptations three,
Thy bloody sweat and agony,
Thy passion, cross, degraded doom,
Thy three days' resting in the tomb,
Thy rising, Thy ascent to heaven,
And by Thy Holy Spirit, given
To all who come in faith to Thee,
From my past self deliver me.
The clock strikes twelve, the bound is past
Which separates this year and last;
With contrite heart and lowly brows,
Lord I renew my broken vows.
Grant that through this year I may
Thy holy decalogue obey;

Defend me, Lord, from every evil,
Whether of world, or flesh, or devil;
From angry thoughts, from envious eye,
From pride, sloth, lust, and gluttony,
And covetous idolatry.
Impress, engrave, burn if thou wilt
The Cross on which thy blood was spilt
Upon my sinful heart, and fire
My soul with holy high desire,
So that come poverty or wealth,
Come sickness pale or rosy health,
Come cares, come crosses, pleasure, pain,
I still may sing in fitting strain,
Deeming all worldly blessings sent
To me, for others sharing meant,
And should fiery trials rise,
Thankful for blessings in disguise.





ON ONE ARGUING THAT A SINGLE LIFE WAS PREFERABLE TO A MARRIED.

Oh! say not that a single life
 Has more of joy than wedded,
Or that affections less are felt
 In one lone heart imbedded.
A single heart must hoard its joy
 And cannot share its sadness;
True wedded hearts, they halve each grief
 And double every gladness.

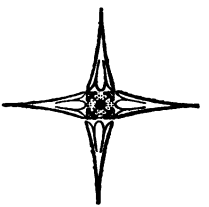
There are who for the love of Christ
 Through life's lone paths are stealing,
And some who bend beneath the cross
 Of unrequited feeling;

But few, oh! very few, there are,
And I have never found them,
Who willingly omit to cull
Domestic loves around them.

There are who led by lust, or wealth,
Or blindly followed fashion,
Have wrecked their all to gratify
A selfish, passing passion.
By prayerless hearts, and torpid souls,
And tempers unrestrained,
And minds o'errun with worldly thoughts
Are blessings to be gained?

True wedded love is like the church,
One faith one hope is there,
And God's pure blessings seek to rest
Upon a faithful pair.
Are anxious cares and hopes and fears
Of wedded life a part?—
They but enlarge the sympathies
And form the Christian heart.

Then, oh! withdraw that cold, hard thought,
Thy kind heart unbeseeming,
And trust to God's wise Providence
And not to human scheming,
Look back upon thy wedded life
Throughout its chequered span,
Say, was it smiles or was it tears
Made thee a Christian man?





THE PASSING MOMENT.

THOU feather dropt from th' Eternal wing
As it moves o'er us in its onward course,
Thou present portion of Eternity,
The future's vanguard, rearward of the past,
Thou never shalt be, never wast, thou art.
Thou art the presence of the great I AM,
In mercy veiled, and offering unto man
To shape his future, mitigate his past,
And so begin anew his course for heaven.
Oh most abused of all God's glorious gifts!
My heart is moment'rily charged with good;
I hail thy presence, to thy skirts I cling,
Bless me, oh! bless me, ere thou passest on.

ON SCANDAL, A FABLE,

IN IMITATION OF GAY, WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A FRIEND.

FAIR Lady, were I left to choose
A subject for my humble muse,
The very last I'd wish to handle
Would be the one you give me—"Scandal."
First, it is always hard to write
On subjects other folk indite,
And secondly, my heart 't will vex
To paint this blemish of your sex.
For you must know as well as I—
I fancy now I hear you cry
"Stop, Mr. Poet, to your theme,
"You're getting scandalous I deem."

Well, well, as fast as I am able
I'll pen for you a rhyming fable.
A Moss Rose, long the garden's pride,
Diffused its odours far and wide,
Year after year in beauty grew,
Yet envy nor ambition knew.
Its brilliancy and scent combined
Raised envy in the flower-kind;
And first the boastful Tulip cried,
In all the insolence of pride,
"How long shall those disgusting Roses
Continue to offend our noses?
Pray Passion-flower did you see,
Ever, in all your life, a tree
With such a ragged, shapeless form,
As if it suffered from a storm;
And then (the horrid, ugly fright)
Fennel its scent o'ercomes me quite;
Besides, my friends, 'twixt you and me,
She is no better than should be;
Moreover too, 'tis very hard on
Us, when Lucinda walks the garden,
That she should lavish her addresses
And load this thing with her caresses,

Whilst we neglect are doomed to bear
And pine unnoticed in despair.
To rid us, then, let's make a push,
What say you Devil in a bush?"*
Him answered thus, that crafty plant;
"There is a certain kind of ant,
Or insect of the tribe of fly,
(I know not entomology)
Which have such monstrous appetites
They'd eat the wretch in a few nights,
Therefore let's send a deputation
Unto this plant devouring nation."

* * * *
* * *
* * * *

Night passed, and morning's eager rays
Flashed o'er the dew-lit lawn,
And tree and flower in one rich blaze
Inhaled the breath of dawn,

* I do not know whether it is provincial or not, but it is the vulgar name for the *Nigella Hispanica*.

And loud and clear crowed chanticleer
To hail the beaming morn.
Deprived of leaf, o'erwhelmed with grief,
The Moss Rose drooped forlorn.

"Oh! why," cried she, "did nature grant
Such bounteous charms to me,
Since now, the scorn of every plant,
I live in infamy?

A few short hours, and I die
The victim of their hate,
By envy, spleen, and scandal I
Am shorn of all my state."

A Fairy, who o'erheard her grief,
Thus answered from a Lily's leaf.—
"For years, sweet Rose, I've dwelt with man,
And have observed their constant plan
Is always to attack the fame
Of those who bear the purest name.
With plants, as man, the ruling passion
Is always to ape every fashion,
Then wonder not if flowers handle
The weapons of detested scandal.

What though Lucinda passes by,
Nor deigns to turn on thee her eye,
What though the bee no homage pays
As he was wont in brighter days,
When eagerly he flew to sip
The nectar of thy velvet lip?
Cheer up, to-morrow's sun shall see
Superior charms bestowed on thee;
For as without or pride or scorn
Your faculties you've meekly borne,
Your flowers in future white* shall be
As emblems of your purity.
And should you ever chance to meet
A flower trod under Scandal's feet,
Blasted and blighted, shunned by all
Without just cause, oh, then recal
The miseries you yourself have past—
Virtue will triumph at the last."

* The White Moss Rose was first produced about 1808 in the garden of G. Goldney, Esq., Clifton. A branch of the common Moss Rose, through disease, produced white flowers, and having been layered the variety was propagated. *Vid:* "*The Journal of a Naturalist.*"



IN IMITATION OF GEORGE HERBERT.

A CUP of joy in most unthankful haste
I lifted to my lips. Ere I could drink
A shadowy hand stretched forth, and with a cross
Stirred its contents, changing their very nature;
Whilst from th' o'erhanging cloud an undertone
I heard, that breathed of One whose word was law,
Bidding me drink—"'Tis bitter, Lord," I cried.
"Drink as I drank" the awful voice replied.



"WHO CAN TELL WHETHER THE LORD WILL BE GRACIOUS UNTO ME."

Oh! say not I err, and encourage unrest,
That fabrics all baseless I foolishly build;
Remembered emotions yet heave in my breast
Like the waves of the sea though the tempest
is stilled.

The blow is impending but does not descend,
And prayer may avert it, and prayer only can:
But when it shall fall, then I trust me to bend
To my fate as becomes both a Christian and
man.



SLOW rising o'er the wood-crowned slopes
Reflected on the river,
Hail, Moon, fit type of my own hopes,
Waning and filling ever.

At times unseen, at others dim,
Now brilliantly bright,
But aye obedient unto Him
From whom thou hast thy light.

Thy tranquil unimpassioned face,
Thou calm and silent preacher,
Has left with me a deeper trace
Than many an earthly teacher.

E'en now with brow serene and meek,
O'ercast with saintly sorrow,
Thon seemest unto me to speak
Of brighter things to-morrow.

Then let me strive to learn of thee
That sweet peculiar calm
Aye proffered unto us, when we
Our sorrows would embalm.

The sorrow that surviveth tears
Oft wendeth on to death,
Embalming crosses, woes, and fears
In calm awaiting faith.

Lent, 1845.

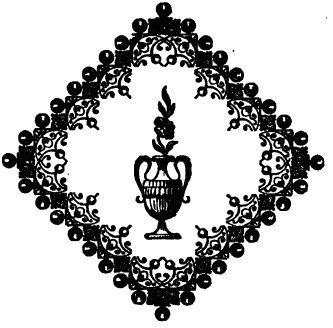




A SKETCH.

She was a child of many prayers and tears.
Her brow was calm, and clear, and beautiful,
The seat of noble thought—Her glossy hair,
Black as the raven's wing, on either side
Clustered in tendrils, like the curling leaves
Of some Corinthian capital—Her eye,
That spoke the soul within, and mirrored forth
The feelings of her heart, was full and dark,
Now beaming high, now nestling in itself;
But oftener its gentle glances stole
From that long silky fringe that slept upon
Her downy cheek. Her sweet simplicity,
Awed while it won, the boldest gazer's heart,
And round about her ruby-tinted lip,

And sunny brow, and fawn-like eye, there dwelt
A gleam of ready smiles and mirth, that shewed
Her life had numbered none but sunny hours.
And well they might—she never had known care
Of sin's dark grief, and love within her breast
Dwelt an unrisen star.



A BRIGHT mosaic work of changeful gems
Darted across my path on glancing wing,
Sudden it paused and o'er a lovely flower
Brief hung suspended, seeming motionless.
Yet still it beat the air with rapid wing,
For clear I heard the sound, though could not see
The movement that produced it. As I gazed,
Like to a ray of light it shot within
The half expanded blossom and was lost,
For the bright hues of flower and of bird
Were blended into one. Soon it emerged,
And closely I surveyed its banquet hall.
The petals were untorn and underanged,
Nor had the golden pointed anthers lost
Aught of their bloom; the nectary alone,
Deprived of all its sweets, remained to prove

The spoiler had been there.



She never shewed her loss,
'Twas only when some passing suitor found
No nectar in her heart, that any deemed
Her treasures had been rifled.





WRITTEN ON THE FLY LEAF OF AN ALBUM.

Types of thy gentle soul to me
In their unsullied brilliancy
These pages seem. A searching eye
May here and there a speck descry,
But still unto my partial gaze
Each leaf all purity displays,
And kind regard and care demands
As when fresh from its maker's hands.
As I would wish them aye to be,
Lady, companions meet for thee,
So shall it be my constant care
To pen no idle verses there,
No extracts from half heathen lays,
No thoughts too deep for vular gaze,

But such as to the thoughtful heart
New forms to common things impart,
And give the mind a ready power
To draw a moral from a flower.
Then, Stranger, ere that thou engage
To occupy a vacant page,
Remember, thoughts once here enshrined
Are written on a Maiden's mind,
And may a loss or profit bring,
As she may read and thou may'st sing.



TO WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM,

FOUNDER OF NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD, AND ST. MARY'S, WINCHESTER.

O SAINTED father of a saintly race,
I, an unworthy son, would fain proclaim
My gratitude to thee, who did'st a life
Of holiness conclude with one great act,
Which none before thee ever dreamed to do,
Which none but one has dared to copy since,
And he a king,* in sackcloth sorrowing
Over a mispent life. Thou sower of good seed,

* Henry VII., founder of Eton College on the mode of that of Winchester, in which work he was advised by Bishop Waynflete.—Sir Henry Wotton was the first Provost of Eton. Both were Wykehamists.

From whence have sprung such store of goodly
fruit
As Chichely, Warton, Arnold, Lowth, and Ken,
Waynflete and Wotton, Eton hallowed names,
Wise Huntingford, who ruled my boyhood's years,
Nor least of all, Howley, who sits enthroned
On St. Augustine's chair. I seldom hear
A week-day church bell hallowing the air
But I remember lessons taught by thee,
Forgotten long, yet, like baptismal vows,
Still buried deep in my unconscious heart,
And carried dormant through the noisy world,
Until a ray of light, with sorrow tipped,
Stole, like a silent sunbeam o'er my soul,
And waked thy precepts into life again.

Lent, 1845.



"Did I wish for the lot of the birds of the air,
Or long in their fleeting perfections to share;
It is not the strength of the strongest wing,
It is not the sweetest song that they sing,
Nor the sapphire of their gem-like hues—
It is not these that my heart would choose;
My spirit the sea-birds' serenity craves,
Composed in the tempest, at rest on the waves."

ANONYMOUS.

CALMLY on the salt sea foam
See the ocean bird is resting,
Watching the billows as they come,
And tranquilly their summits cresting.
Calm and still amid the din,
For all is calm and still within.

On the wave he must abide,
There he finds his daily food,
And with each returning tide
Tranquilly he skims the flood.
Should the storm wax fiercer, nigher,
He on calm wing mounteth higher.

Then, when youth and strength are past,
 Calm he lays him down to die;
And his resting place, the last,
 Is known but to his Maker's eye.
Thus a Christian's life should be
On the world's tumultuous sea.

Calm above the world he moves,
 Though compelled to mix therein,
All his hopes and fears and loves
 Calmly soar above its din.
When the grave doth o'er him close
His peaceful rest no mortal knows.

Lent, 1845.

THE RHONE.

It is said that

"The blue rushing or the arrowy Rhone,"

may be traced through the Lake of Geneva.

Rhone, Rhone, glorious Rhone!
Born at the foot of the Alpine throne,
Child of the glacier's icy cave,
Issuing forth with exhaustless wave,
All pure thy source, yet thou bearest the hue
Of a purer sky on thy breast of blue.

Bounding in youth's resistless force,
Nothing may stop thy onward course,
In shade or shine, by night or day,
Still thou pressest thy onward way,
And many a weary league is past—
But thou hast reached the lake at last.

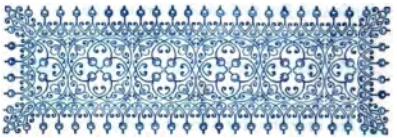
Geneva's lake is both broad and fair,
But thou mayest not tarry there;
Thou mayest not tarnish thy azure wave,
Nor lessen the hue that thy parent gave;
Onward thy waters their course must press,
Nor linger in sunshine and idleness.

Onward! thy race is nearly run—
Onward! thy goal is fairly won—
Thou hast found a home in the kindred hue
Of the tideless ocean's expanse of blue.
A lesson from thee I freely own,
Thou glorious rushing river Rhone.

Soul, soul, wonderful soul!
Leased to man by God's controul,
Fresh from the Fount of the holy wave,
Thou art strong in the might that the Triune gave;
Onward! while youth is still thine own—
Remember the glorious, rushing Rhone.

In the noon of thy vigour onward pressing
Heed not the treacherous world caressing,
Seek not for rest, and e'en in age
In strife progressive still engage;
And then, than the Rhone, there shall be
to thee
A far brighter lot—in eternity.

Lent, 1845.



And shall I at the resurrection see
Meek Moses answer for his hasty word,
Anointed Aaron for idolatry,
Submissive Eli in that he demurred,
From erring love to chide his children's guilt,
The royal Psalmist for adultery
And good Uriah's life-blood basely spilt?
And shall I hear earnest St. Peter's tongue
Own that he thrice denied his suffering Lord,
And fled for fear whilst on the Cross He hung?
Shall I behold all this, nor feel each word
Fall doubly pointed on my conscience stung
With knowing I before my Judge have stood
With all their varied sins, but not their good?



"The nearer the spirit approaches the confines of this world, the further it sees into the next."—AKON.

The last words of a dying cottager with whom I was acquainted were, "Beautiful, beautiful, the room is full of Angels!"

HUSBAND, I come to thee, where thou art waving
Thy snowy pinions in the living light
Of God's own shadow,* for my spirit's craving
To share with thee those joys so purely bright,
And sing with thee in loud triumphal tone
Sweet Halleluiahs to th' Eternal throne.

Around thee thronging, with their sun-lit eyes
And wavy radiance of their golden hair,
Expectant Angels wait me in the skies
To hail a pilgrim from this world of care,
To lead me to the footstool of the Lamb
Before the presence of the great I AM.

* Light is but the shadow of God"—ARISTOTLE?

Thou only stood'st between my God and me,
(For here I loved thee with too deep a love)
So He, in mercy to myself, took thee,
And bade me follow to his realms above.
Since then one wish has filled my widowed breast,
That I might meet thee where the wearied rest.

And now I feel within my bosom glowing
A consciousness that I, each sin forgiven,
Aside these fetters of corruption throwing,
Shall rise in spirit to the gates of heaven.
I feel my soul each moment grow more free—
It bursts its bonds—Husband I come to thee.



Love's memory's like the dream
That Israel saw of yore
When angels came from heaven
His slumbering eyes before.

Oft in the silent night
I see the shadowy dead,
Fond familiar faces,
Round my lonely bed.

One fair sunny spirit
I see before me stand,
The sweetest and the loveliest
Of that sweet lovely band.

There wander many stars,
 Unseen by us, as bright
And pure and beautiful
 As those that meet our sight.

And though I see thee not,
 I feel that thou art there
Where One from every eye
 Drieth off every tear.

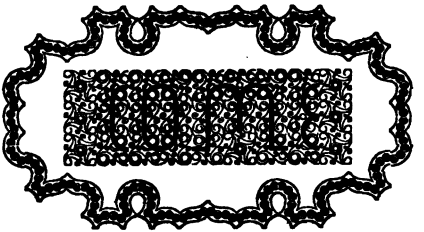
Yes, there were sounds in heaven
 Of loud triumphant song,
To hail thy looked for coming
 The sainted ones among.

And thou wast dear to them ?—
 Then doubly dear to me;
There are many such in heaven,
 On earth few left like thee.



THERE are who say that we should crosses make;
The only crosses we can make are sins.
If we stern duty's path unflinching take,
We shall find crosses made. He who begins
To seek out Christ must first His Cross display,
Then follow where its "Shadow" points the way.
Oh glorious emblem of our holy faith,
England's emblazoned sign throughout the world!
And, may be, therefore blessed where'er unfurled.
Oh sad memorial of our Saviour's death!
In countless still and living forms portrayed,
And daily to our eyes and hearts displayed;
I grieve when Christian lips can speak of thee
But as an object of idolatry.

Lent, 1845.



Come forth, for the flowers
Have burst their green sheath,
And the air is perfumed
With the violets' breath,
And the birds are re-tuning
To love their sweet throats,
And the streams have recovered
Their murmuring notes.
Come forth then, Lady.

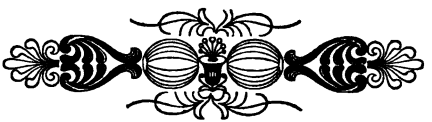
Come forth, for the bees
In their blossomy bowers
Are lulling to slumber
The sultry noon hours,
Then come where the breezes
Are sportive and free
'Neath the wide spreading shade
Of the sycamore tree.
Come forth then, Lady.

There is care on thy brow,
There is grief in thine eye,
And thy quivering lip
Scarce represses the sigh;
Then let the soft breath
Of the gentle wind bear
Its sweets to thy senses
Its voice to thine ear.
Come forth then, Lady.

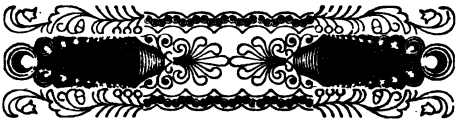
O'er thee shall no longer
The raven-like wing
Of care breeding sorrow
Its bitterness fling,

And sickness no longer
The power retain
To stamp on thy brow
The dark traces of pain.
Come forth then, Lady.

But joy with her silvery
Pinions so bright,
Shall waft to thy cheek
The sweet rose of delight,
Add spring to thy step,
Re-illumine thine eye,
And the sunny smile give
In the place of the sigh.
Come forth then, Lady.



A FEW short fleeting years ago I stood,
But not alone, beneath this old grey wall,
And listened to the drowsy brooklets' fall,
And watched the gleamings of the moon-lit flood,
And the quick twinkle of the lattice pane
Now darkling and now glistening again.
Ah, little deemed I in that witching hour
'Twas thou that made all seem so beautiful.
Now the same sights to charm me have no power,
And the same sweets and sounds no longer lull,
But the same sweets are as a scentless flower,
And the same sounds monotonous and dull.
Yet, as I wander, memory comes to guide
A gentle footfall stealing by my side.



Why silent and hushed is the laughter of gladness,
Why dimmed with a tear is each eye,
Why turned is gay revelry's mirth into sadness,
Why changed is the smile to a sigh?

Why droop the bright flowers on yonder parterre,
Why neglected and soiled do they perish,
Why mute is the silver toned warbler there,
Why absent the form that we cherish?

She is gone, murmur those who stand weeping around,
She is gone, echoes loneliness there,
She is gone, shew the flowers that cumber the ground,
She is gone, exclaims hopeless despair.

She is come, exclaims death as she bows to his fiat,
She is come, the fair form that I crave,
She is come, quoth the worm, how we'll revel and riot!
She is come, moans the chill cheerless grave.

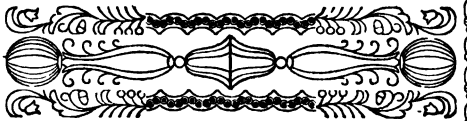
She is blessed, whispers hope, the consoler of care,
She is blessed, for her sins are forgiven,
She is blessed, sings her "angel" exulting in air,
She is blessed, for her home is in heaven.





WELCOME, sweet smiling Primrose, on the bank
Of Tamar's flood, which seaward sweeps along,
Like life unto the grave. A crowdless throng,
A ceaseless flow of thoughts begetting song
Come o'er me, and all gratefully I thank
Thee for the silent lesson thou dost teach
Mirrored upon the margin of the reach.
Thy paleness, mixed with lustre, doth partake
Somewhat of him whose glow is overcast
By self-reflection, watching, tears, and fast;
Whilst the calm breathings of the dewy lake,
Like holy thoughts, a heaven-ward passage take.
Farewell, dear flower, by thy side a prayer,
Else all unuttered, fills the quiet air.

Lent, Feb. 1844.



It is not the sweetness that sleeps on thy face,
Nor the beam of thy gentle dark eye,
Nor the light of thy brow or thy lip, nor thy grace
That my keen-sighted heart did espy—

It is not that fortune has smiled on thy birth,
And has reared thee in luxury's arms :—
What need of such fictitious charms has true worth
For a colour to heighten thy charms.

It is not the rose with the lily entwined
Can a permanent passion impart :—
Oh ! no, 'tis the graces adorning thy mind
That have spread their toils over my heart.

The magnetised steel may attract for a while
'Till its short living virtues are dead,
So personal beauty may briefly beguile,
But it fails when its freshness has fled.

The Indian, that toils in far Golconda's mines,
May the crystal and diamond confound,
But, tried in the darkness, the true gem he finds,
The pebble he casts to the ground.

Like the genuine magnet your mind's calm display
Will attract 'till you sink in the tomb,
Like the genuine diamond's unminishing ray
Will shine amid sorrows and gloom.



BLAME not if I should seem to prize
The charms that others own,—
The softness of another's eyes,
Or gentle-hearted tone,
Or calm reserve, or cheerful ways,
Or ever ready smile,
Or modesty that shrinks from praise,
Or soul devoid of guile.

For sometimes I in other forms
A trace may chance to see
Of one in all the countless charms
That centred are in thee;—

Like when a long forgotten strain
 Comes wandering down the wind,
A word or look will bring a train
 Of thought upon my mind,—

And each thought always with thee teems;
 The flower deprived of light
Will turn itself to other beams
 Although but dimly bright,
So when I meet with one who may
 Possess of thee faint traces,
Blame not if homage slight I pay
 In honour of thy graces.

Oft when I contemplate the mine
 Of worth within thee hidden,
My thoughts unto a higher shrine
 Will wander off unbidden;
Then may God bless my holy love
 Half earthly though it be,
And guide my heart to things above
 Whene'er it dwells on thee.

ON THE DEATHS OF SIR JOHN M*******, AND THE REV. GERALD P*** C****.

The former died in September 1845, and the latter in the previous March.

"Oh., Sir! the good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket."—WORDSWORTH'S EXCURSION.

Oh, do not deem me boldly given
Heaven's mysteries to unwind,
And level all the works of heaven
Down to the human mind.

No rash unhallowed wish have I
Within the temple's veil
Those wondrous secrets to espy
At which e'en Angels pale.

And still I may not choose but pause
In wonder yet in praise,
And ask my awe-struck heart the cause
Of His mysterious ways.

Two has death stricken with his dart
I loved beyond most others,
For one was woven round my heart,
And one around my brother's.

Called twice within one brief half year
Bereavement's pangs to brave,
I've stood by cherished C****'s bier
And honoured M*******'s grave.

One crumbled like a wave worn rock
All silently and slowly,
One fell beneath a sudden shock,—
Be calm my heart and holy.

One lingered on through years of pain,
One a few fleeting days;—
Now ours the suffering, theirs the gain,—
Be still my heart and praise.

Inscrutable! before the storm
They fell in early prime,
Whilst many an old and withered form
Waits its still distant time.

But comforts to the sorrowing breast
With this conclusion come,—
Just when our souls are fitted best
Gods calls the wanderer home.

He does not reckon age by years*
In His all wondrous ways,
But faith, hope, love, and patient tears
With Him are length of days.

What God now does thou knowest not,
But shalt hereafter know,
Then, mourner, yield thee to thy lot,
He loves who deals the blow.

* "For honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the gray hair unto men, and an unspotted life is old age."—WISDOM OF SOLOMON, iv. 8, 9.

ON A DYING CHILD ASKING ITS MOTHER FOR A KEEPSAKE.*—A FACT.

"Oh, Mother, I am dying, Mother,
I am wearied out with pain,
And never shall your Willie, Mother,
In the meadow play again:
The sun may shine through my ivy blind,
And 'twixt my curtains peep,
But ne'er again shall his beams, Mother,
Rouse your Willie from his sleep.

* These stanzas were written after the perusal of some on the same subject in a stray number of *Tait's Magazine*. There is not, as well as I can remember, any other resemblance, beyond the last two lines of the third stanza, which are nearly identical, if not quite.

"This morning when the man of God
Down by my bedside knelt,
And prayed that peace might be with me,
I can't tell how I felt,—
But I heard strange whispering sounds,—
Half solemn and half play,
And I saw a band of children stand
And beckon me away.

"They beckoned me away, Mother,
And I feel that I must go,
But yet I do not like, Mother,
To leave you weeping so;
I promise never to forget you,
And my word you'll surely take,—
Yet give your Willie something, Mother,
To cherish for your sake."

Who shall describe the change that stole
O'er that sorrowing Mother's face?
Some dormant feeling o'er her soul
Crept with its thrill of grace;

Sadly, though meekly bending
 Over her infant's head,
Lip heart and soul together blending
 In unison, she said.—

"Six years ago, my Willie, dear,
 Thee in my arms I bore
With joy, as Christian Mothers feel,
 Within our own Church door.
'Twas a Sunday eve, and the aisles were full,
 Yet still they all made way,
And I westward walked to the sacred font,
 And knelt me down to pray.

"And the grey haired priest, the very same
 Who knelt this morn by thy side,
Ere long all robed in white he came
 And stood by the mystic tide,
And in solemn tone he spake those words
 Which none but the Church may know,
And he made the sign of the Cross divine
 Upon thy baby brow.

"That holy Cross on thy brow, Willie,
It spoke of sins forgiven,
It spoke of God as reconciled,
Of saints in earth and heaven,
And again that sign of the Cross divine
Upon thy brow I make,—
Then take that with thee to heaven, Willie,
And keep it for my sake."

She spoke,—he died; yet who shall say
But that a cherub child
Demons with Cross might scare away
From us all sin defiled?
Who knows but those whom we loved here,
From sin and sorrow freed,
May be permitted in their sphere
To help us in our need?





I LOVE to move with reverent tread
'Mid quiet shady places,
And hold communion with the dead,
And picture absent faces.

For then most holy thoughts I have,
And comfort deep is given ;—
Oft e'en beside a stranger grave
I've made me friends in Heaven.

Sweet grave, so silent, calm, and green,
Refuge from earthly sorrow,
Of thee a Christian's heart I ween
A gentle joy may borrow.

The world may shudder at thy name,
 Revolting to its pride,
Christ through thy portals went and came,—
 To me thou'rt sanctified.

E'en as I muse my spirit craves
 Thy inner halls to view;—
My earthly hopes are in their graves,—
 Why not my body too.

Thou, who canst raise the slumbering dead,
 To me fresh hope impart,—
Or else bestow on me instead
 A calm contented heart.





Come hither to me dearest wife,
And seat you by my side,
And listen to a lover's lay,
A bridegroom to his bride;
For though long years have passed away
Since first I hailed thee mine,
A lover's and a bridegroom's heart
Has ever, Wife, been thine.

What though thy cheek has less of bloom
Than in thy maiden spring,
What though thou movest silently
Where thou was wont to sing,
What though thy dear eyes sparkle less,
Less buoyant too thy pace?—
I love thee in thy matron charms
As in thy bridal grace.

What though stern time's unsparing touch
 Hath helped corroding care
To silver o'er thy raven locks
 And thin thy flowing hair?—
There rests upon my faithful heart
 One glossy braided tress,—
Both time and care that ringlet spare
 In all its loveliness.

They may not can not dim the bright
 Pure graces of thy mind;
They may not can not chill thy heart
 So gentle pure and kind;
They may not can not quench one grace
 That emanates from thee:—
Then let them wreck thy form and face,—
 Thou 'rt all the same to me.

And as I mark our gallant boy,
 And thoughtful dark-haired maid,
And smiling blue-eyed cherub child
 On thy dear bosom laid,—

I lift my heart in thankful prayer
To God for mercies given;—
Christ grant that we united be
(As now on earth) in Heaven.

And thus I sang me in my sleep,
Deceitful visions weaving,
And then I woke me but to weep,
The painful truth perceiving.
The purest joys life can bestow
Are ever less than seeming:—
Not so with human griefs,—and oh!
There is no grief like dreaming.—

But courage, heart! for what is life
But one continued shifting
Of joy and sorrow, peace and strife,
In wild confusion drifting?
Yet if we keep our hearts all pure,
Of visions bright partaking,—
We still may dream, and yet be sure
To have a glorious waking.

LIBERTY.

The ideas contained in the first four stanzas will be found in the last page of the First volume of the "Student."

THE bird, that ne'er has known the sweets
Of joyous liberty,
Against its prison bars still beats
In struggles to be free;

And seeks the untried pathless air
On freedom's wings to cleave,
Instinctive taught by nature there
Its birthright lost to grieve.

Thus pent within this cage of clay,
By nobler passions taught,
The souls still sickens for the day
With foreknown beauties fraught;

And conscious that its 'prisoned wings
For other use were given,
It seeks for, spurning earthly things,
The royalties of heaven.

But come it will, unseen, unheard,
The time for which they crave,
And death shall give both soul and bird
The freedom of the grave.

The last shall sleep a dreamless sleep,
Free from all care and pain,
The other from its dungeon keep
Shall soar to life again.



I WOULD not check the patient tear
That steals adown thy cheek,
I would not wish thy brow to wear
A smile less sweet or meek,
I would not ask thee to resume
Thy old light-hearted gladness,—
I'd only strive to cheer thy gloom
By sharing in thy sadness.

For suffering is a sacred thing—
Not to be treated lightly;
(Christ's Cross its own relief will bring
If we but bear it rightly,)

And when I saw thy heart was dwelling
On one beyond our view,
My heart with feelings would be swelling
Worthy of him and you.

Remember, sorrow was not given
Aye to be borne alone;
True, we must lean for help on heaven,
But fellow hearts may own
A soothing charm, a "potion bland,"*
From worldly sources free;—
Then, Lady, turn not from the hand
That proffers aid to thee.

* "The slumberous potion bland."—*Christian Year.*

ON A SKETCH OF H. M. S. BELLEROPHON,

(Now in Devonport harbour)

NEARLY ON HER BEAM ENDS IN A MEDITERRANEAN SQUALL.

BRAVE ship! fresh from thy native shores,
Where thou hast lain at ease,
In seeming strength and might secure,
Thou triest unknown seas.

But oh, beware! the gale oft lurks
When least we deem it near,
A little cloud may prove a storm
Though all is calm and clear.

Ah, heedless one! the winds are out
In their wild-winged career,
I see thee struggling as for life,
And quiv'ring as for fear.

Scarce saved from that tremendous doom
 Now thou dost safely ride,
No longer vexed by raging storms,
 Upon a tranquil tide.

Dim is his eye, and hard his heart,
 Who cannot read in thee
A lesson to his wayward self,
 In all humility.

Who has not left a sinless state
 To tempt sin's dangerous wave,
Who has not been restored to grace
 By One full strong to save?

Christ keep us free from storms
 And dark temptation's hour,
And grant we may in safety reach
 Where sin shall have no power.



I LOVE to hear the wanton breezes fling
Their playful fingers o'er the trembling strings
Of th' Æolian lute. Oft have I listened
In breathless ecstacy to the wild-wind's song,
As in unmeasured time and long drawn note
It shed its diapason cadences
On my delighted ear. Anon 'twas hushed,—
Then, as in mockery of its plantive strains,
For a short season the capricious wind
Gave it a sound of ill-timed merriment.
And thus the thoughts that vibrate through
my soul
Give forth but melancholy notes, yet still
I love their sweetness, for they're sweet to me.

And if sometimes a livelier chord is struck,
I like it not:—'tis as the sunbeam's glare,
Which, piercing through the consecrating
shade,
Invades the slumber of some peaceful grave.
For griefs long since have dug the grave of joy
Within my heart, and where of late there dwelt
So many spirits, now remain but two;—
Content that smiles upon the past and present,
And Hope that forward points to brighter
scenes.

ON THE DEATH OF AN AGED FRIEND, M. C.

Long time my harp has on the willow hung
Whilst I have sat me down to weep thereby;
And as the winds moaned through the wires unstrung
My heart breathed forth a deep responsive sigh
Laden with sorrow and with tearful thought,
Oh! that my heart had rest within the tomb
(For there is rest within a Christian's grave)
In some sequestered spot,
Where nightingales might sing at evening gloom
And in unplundered beauty flowerets wave.

At times I've wished for thee, thou healer, Death,
Of broken hearts and tamer of disease,
But oft thou carest not to take the breath
Of them that court thee; yet the balmy breeze
That bears the sounds of revelry and mirth
From unsuspecting youth, a careless race,
Or the first vow of love, or poet's strains,
Call thee from farthest earth;
Or with the mark of Fame before thy face
Thou lurest Genius to thy hidden chains.

Where my forefathers dwelt 'tis sweet to dwell,
Where they have died 'twill be less hard to die;
Would that they rested in some shady dell
Where nature's treasures in profusion lie!
But in a crowded city of the dead,
Amid the hum of men and gainful strife,
Amid unseemly laughter's mocking tone,
Pressed by unhallowed tread
They lie; e'en there the worldliness of life
Cannot respect that fate—how soon its own!

But now enough of them and me, I'll string
To other theme my melancholy wire,
And in a grateful strain of thee I'll sing,
Fit subject thou for any poet's lyre.
What though no ties of kindred bound our hearts,
And there were years betwixt us! I could feel
Thy influence, as on bright summer eves
The spirit of the breeze imparts
(When through thick foliage groves we hear it steal)
A rain-like whisper to the rustling leaves.

Beauty and youth have gone down to the dust,
And I have mourned for youth and beauty there;
And now the memory of the aged just.
Though time had silvered o'er thy scanty hair,
And God had tried thy heart, and on thy brow
Were stamped the lines of care and long disease,
Still was thy heart all guiltless unto man,
If not to God; and now
Thou art in that pure place where sorrows cease,
Where day is endless, and time is span.

To me thy cheerful voice and placid smile,
Thy thoughtful suavity and eye serene,
Bespoke a tranquil mind all free from guile.
And like as in far northern climes is seen
A long continued round of darkless night,
Where storms are all unknown, and to the eye
Of the unwearied gazer there is given
A flood of tempered light,—
So o'er thy brow there shone unceasingly
A calm essential glow derived from Heaven.*

* "Age without cheerfulness is a Lapland winter without a sun."—LACON.



ON SEEING A SHIP UNDER FULL SAIL ON A BEAUTIFUL SUMMER EVE.

THAT golden cloud throned in the purpling west,
In solitary grandeur, scarce exceeds
The noble beauties of yon white-winged barque,
As silent she pursues her trackless course
O'er the young billows of the shoreless sea.
The yielding waves around her shining sides
Leap in phosphoric flashes, while the sun
His slanted rays pours o'er the molten flood
Of "mingled glass and fire." Ah, there she rides
The sovereign queen of the submissive deep.
Proud fool! perchance to-morrow's sun may see
That summer plumaged sea-bird torn, and tossed
A helpless toy to ruthless winds and waves,
Where none shall hear the death shriek of her crew
Uselessly floating o'er the stormy chaos;
And at to-morrow's eve the sun may gild
Their fathomless sea-weed graves as gorgeously
As now he paints their sovereign for the hour.



WHAT if a little child should say,—
"There are no stars on high,
I have been watching all the day
And cannot one descry?"

E'en on a Mother's brow perchance
A passing smile would be,
In wonder at its ignorance
And sweet simplicity.

"O silly one," she'd fondly cry,
Yet view them well you may,
For stars are ever in the sky,
Although unseen by day.

But when night comes beyond all doubt
You then will see them well,—
Each silver-footed star stands out,
God's silent sentinel.

Then do not deem, my child thy sight
Sees all the stores of Heaven;
With God is power infinite,
To us a bound is given.

His mercies in each daily deed
The deepest truths conceal,
Which careless Christians cannot read,
Nor thoughtful scarce reveal.

But when our little day is past
Of lights and shadows blended,
And when our night is come at last,
And time for labour ended.

When we shall lay us down to sleep
'Twill be no dream to see
Spirits like stars on Heaven's steep,
A glorious company.

Then we shall know a countless host
Have aye been hovering o'er us,
Both those who were ere man was lost,
And those who've gone before us.

And ever as our Christian years
Complete their holy rounds,
The Church their memory reveres
Who have been faithful found."

And now that one by one dark Death
My friends from me is stealing,
God grant me this—a Christian's faith,
And not a poet's feeling.

All Saints Day, 1845.





"Parve, nec invideo, sine me liber ibis in urbe."—
HORACE.

CHILD of my thoughts, Benoni of my heart,
Offspring of weary solitary hours,
Which thou hast comforted, my Little Book,
Go forth into the world and leave me here.
Perchance, amid its vast tumultuous throng,
Souls like mine own thou mayest meet, and give
To them the solace thou hast given to me,
Creating sympathy with stranger hearts.
And who shall say but that thy piteous tale*
Of tens of thousands of a Christian land,
Crowded together in a helpless town,
Without or Church or School or Pastor's care,
May rouse a Missionary zeal for home,
And call forth some like him, the unknown one,
Who reared of late St. Saviour's Church at Leeds.

* See Preface.

And oh! if thou should'st meet that severed heart
Which once I deemed all mine, and never thought
That I could lean upon too hardly, till
Its patience snapped beneath my trying weight
Like a frail reed:—if thou should'st meet it say,
Life is too short for quarrels, flesh is weak,
And souls must not in anger parted be
Here upon earth, that hope to meet in Heaven.
Say that I own with contrite heart that I
My deep conviction in unmeasured words,
As is too oft my wont, o'er warmly gave,
Paining the mind that could not be convinced,
Plead thou my daily thoughts and frequent tears,
And hopes and wishes growing into prayers,
And sad remembrance dwelling at my heart
Even in laughter, (for many a page
Can witness forth the impress of my soul.)
And if all this avail not, bear with thee
My blessing on the unrelenting heart,
And leave me here with thoughts of blessings past.
Then whilst I bide in my secluded nook,
Go on thy errands forth, my Little Book.

THE END.

H. V. HARRIS, Printer, Devonport.

